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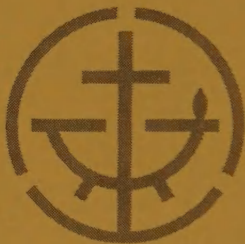


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☞ EACH IN HIS
OWN TONGUE
AND OTHER POEMS
☞ ☞ BY WILLIAM
HERBERT CARRUTH



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EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH



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The Knickerbocker Press

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BY

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

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MY WILL

*FOR thee my will, which I've been told
Imperious was and hard to hold—
For thee 't is changed; I think 't is right
That I should tell thee how the might
Of love like thine my soul doth mould.
So heed once more thy teacher bold,
Whose heart hath not with years grown
cold;*

*Life's lesson I will read aright
For thee, my Will:
Age sweeter grows if love unfold
Our being while we 're growing old;
Who 'd wish to be more erudite
Than read with lover's deeper sight
The lore that 's writ in living gold
For thee, my Will.*

FRANCES SCHLEGEL CARRUTH.

✓

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A FIRE-MIST and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in:

~
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God. ✓

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

A RHYME OF THOMAS THE
DOUBTER

WHEN the Master had finished the
story of the sower and the
seed,

And had shown his disciples the lesson
of rock and wayside and weed,

Then up spoke Thomas the Doubter,
and his brow was furrowed with
thought,—

He had seen a darker problem in the
lesson that was taught.

“Master,” said Thomas the Doubter,
“when the seed sown is the word,
I can see the meaning right plainly of
the lesson we have heard;

“But, Master, say that the sower were
God and the seed were men,
And some of them fell by the wayside,
what were the lesson then?

“For I see men daily, my brothers, like
the seed of which you spoke,
And among the thorns fall many, and
the thorns spring up and choke.

“And some of them, good Master, fall
where the soil is scant,
And they perish there for the absence of
the life for which they pant.

“It is easy,” said Thomas the Doubter,
“for those on good soil cast,
For they have their joy of living and
the harvest at the last;

“But those who fall by the wayside, in
thorns and on stony ground,
Are they like the seed grain scattered by
a careless hand around?”

But the Master was silent and mourn-
ful, and his brow was furrowed with
thought,
And there lay on his soul a burden which
Thomas the Doubter had wrought.

GOD BLESS YOU

WHEN you 've struggled hard and
long

And the battle has gone wrong

And a world of cares oppress you,

Like cool water from a spring,

Like the balm the south winds bring,

Are the simple words, "God bless
you."

When you 're going far away,

Far from all you love to stray,

And the parting-pangs distress you,

Like a sunbeam in the heart,

Though the choking tears may start,

Are the words, "Good-by, God bless
you."

When the bitter days are past,

When your joy is full at last,

And the winds of heaven caress you,

Then the heart will overflow
While the happy head bends low
And a true friend says, "God bless
you."

Be his faith in James or Paul,
One God, many, or none at all,
Whose kind lips the words address
you,
Nothing matters; when it needs,
Doubts, philosophies and creeds
Are forgotten in "God bless you."

IT IS GLORY ENOUGH

IT is glory enough to have shouted the
name

Of the living God in the teeth of an
army of foes;

To have thrown all prudence and fore-
thought away

And for once to have followed the call
of the soul

Out into the danger of darkness, of ruin
and death.

To have counselled with right, not suc-
cess, for once,

Is glory enough for one day.

It is glory enough for one day

To have marched out alone before the
seats of the scornful,

Their fingers all pointing your way;

To have felt and wholly forgotten the
branding-iron of their eyes;

To have stood up proud and reliant on
only your soul

And go calmly on with your duty—

It is glory enough.

It is glory enough to have taken the
perilous risk;
Instead of investing in stocks and paid-
up insurance for one,
To have fitted a cruiser for right to
adventure a sea full of shoals;
To sail without chart and with only the
stars for a guide;
To have dared to lose with all the
chances for losing
Is glory enough.

It is glory enough for one day
To have dreamed the bright dream of
the reign of right;
To have fastened your faith like a flag to
that immaterial staff
And have marched away, forgetting
your base of supplies.
And while the worldly wise see nothing
but shame and ignoble retreat,
And though far ahead the heart may
faint and the flesh prove weak—
To have dreamed that bold dream is
glory enough,
Is glory enough for one day.

DREAMERS OF DREAMS

WE are all of us dreamers of dreams;
On visions our childhood is
fed;

And the heart of the child is unhaunted,
it seems,

By the ghosts of dreams that are dead.

From childhood to youth 's but a span

And the years of our youth are soon
sped;

Yet the youth is no longer a youth, but
a man,

When the first of his dreams is dead.

There 's no sadder sight this side the
grave

Than the shroud o'er a fond dream
spread,

And the heart should be stern and the
eyes be brave

To gaze on a dream that is dead.

'T is as a cup of wormwood and gall
When the doom of a great dream is
said,

And the best of a man is under the pall
When the best of his dreams is dead.

He may live on by compact and plan
When the fine bloom of living is shed,
But God pity the little that 's left of a
man

When the last of his dreams is dead.

Let him show a brave face if he can,
Let him woo fame or fortune instead,
Yet there 's not much to do but bury a
man

When the last of his dreams is dead.

WHEN THE CANNON BOOMS

WHEN the cannon booms,
When the war-drums rattle fiercely
And the feet of men in khaki hammer
time out on the pave,
It is easy to be brave;
It is easy to believe that God is angry
with the other
Man, our brother,
And has left the sword of Gideon in our
wayward human hand,
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,
When the battle-flags are fluttering and
men are going mad
With the blind desire for glory,
Filled with visions grand and gory

It is easy to assent
To the Corsican blasphemer's scoffing
creed;
It is easy to believe God is with the big
battalions,
Whether cherubim or hellions,
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,
When the primal love of fighting stirs
the tiger in our blood,
And the fascinating smell
Of the sulphur-fumes of hell
Rouses memories of the pit from which
our human nature rose,

It is easy to forget
God was not found in the earthquake,
in the strong wind or the fire;
It is easy to forget how at last the
prophet heard Him
As a still, small voice,
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,
When the war-lords strut and swagger

And the battle-ships are plowing for the
bitter crop of death,

While the shouting rends the ear,

Echoing from the empyrean,

It is difficult to hear

Through the din the Galilean

With his calm voice preaching peace on
earth to men;

'T will be easier to claim,

If we will, the Christian name,

To become as little children and be men
of gentle will,

When the cannon booms—the cannon
booms—no more.

HOW CAN ONE HEART HOLD
THEM BOTH ?

S NOWY bosoms, silks, and musk,
Music, laughter, raillery, wit;—
Thin forms slinking through the dusk
Where despair and famine flit:
Poet, preacher, tell me sooth,
How can one heart hold them both?

Books, seclusion, lettered labor,
Burning thirst for name and fame;—
Helpful love for friend and neighbor,
Sympathy for blind and lame:
Poet, preacher, tell me sooth,
How can one heart hold them both?

Art, æsthetic teas, and science,
Pride, precedence, pedigrees;—
Gaunt toil full of fierce defiance,
Hovels full of fell disease:
Poet, statesman, tell me sooth,
How can one State hold them both?

THE TIME TO STRIKE

MY God, I am weary of waiting for
the year of jubilee;

I know that the cycle of man is a mo-
ment only to thee;

They have held me back with preaching
what the patience of God is like,

But the world is weary of waiting; will
it never be time to strike?

When my hot heart rose in rebellion at
the wrongs my fellows bore,

It was "Wait until prudent saving has
gathered you up a store";

And "Wait till a higher station brings
value in men's eyes";

And "Wait till the gray-streaked hair
shall argue your counsel wise."

The hearts that kindled with mine are
caught in the selfsame net;

One waits to master the law, though his
heartstrings vibrate yet;

And one is heaping up learning, and
many are heaping up gold,
And some are fierce in the forum, while
slowly we all wax old.

The rights of man are a byword; the
bones are not yet dust
Of those who broke the shackles and the
shackles are not yet rust
Till the masters are forging new ones,
and coward lips are sealed
While the code that cost a million lives
is step by step repealed.

The wily world-enchantress is working
her cursed charm,
The spell of the hypnotizer is laming us
head and arm;
The wrong dissolves in a cloudbank of
"whether" and "if" and "still,"
And the subtleties of logic inhibit the
sickly will.

The bitter lesson of patience I have
practised, lo! these years;
Can it be, what has passed for prudence
was prompted by my fears?

Can I doubt henceforth in my choosing,
if such a choice I must have,
Between being wise and craven or being
foolish and brave?

Whenever the weak and weary are ridden
down by the strong,
Whenever the voice of honor is drowned
by the howling throng,
Whenever the right pleads clearly while
the lords of life are dumb,
The times of forbearance are over and
the time to strike is come.

PEACE, BE STILL

PEACE, storm and conflict, peace!
What is the use? be still!

Catch breath, and feel the thrill
Of the remorseless engine pumping
out your life days one by one.

What is the fight when won?
Cease, hot rebellion, cease!

That tempest, where is it now?

The wren on the cherry-bough

Bubbles with pent-up joy;

The cricket there in the grass is as
sober now as before; the team-
ster whistles and the maid
trudges void of thought;

Pass your hand over your brow;

Where is that tempest now?

Nowhere, then, but within?

There, too, let it subside.

See the sweet sunshine sleeping on
that wall!

The sky is blue and wide;

Out yonder, kin by kin,

Thousands, their hot pulse stilled
forever 'neath the sod, sleep,
storms and all,—

They, too, would have their will;

What have they now? Be still.

IF HE SHOULD COME

IF He should come in such a guise
As once He wore 'neath Judah's
skies,
And walk about as He did then
Among the busy throngs of men,
And call them to the Last Assize,—
Would not He meet incredulous eyes
And pity or amused surprise
From every Christian citizen,
If He should come?

The scribes and Pharisees would not
rise,
Stung by His lashings of their lies,
To nail Him to the cross again,
But merely tap their foreheads when
He spoke, with sympathetic sighs,
If He should come.

THE PLAINT OF THE FRUITLESS FIG-TREE

I HAD been humbly following his path
From the low manger where he saw
the light,
Through all its wanderings until the day
When the glad populace strewed the
way with palms
Before the King upon the ass's foal.
I think that exultation and amaze
Must have contended in him, and the
dream
Of Judah regnant may have dazzled
him.
He turned away and went to Bethany
To let the dizzy surge of blood recede
And leave him calm to meet the coming
doom.
Thither I followed, and at sultry noon
I sank beside the road beneath a tree
That spread a scanty foliage of brown
And cast the shadow of a shadow o'er
The turfy hummock where I laid my
head.

The Complaint of the Fruitless Fig-Tree 23

I thought I would not sleep, and fixed
my eye

On one unhappy tuft of yellow leaves,
A-marvelling how the all-enlivening
spring

Had left this one tree destitute of green.
And as I gazed the quivering noon was
moved;

A little zephyr set the leaves astir,
And from their midst the eager silence
spoke:

“ I am the fruitless fig-tree;
Hearken what made my name
In all the wide world-garden
A byword and a shame.

“ Bright were the spring days on me,
My spreading leaves among
The pale green buds were swelling,
And low my branches hung.

“ Weary and sorely troubled
Came one along the way,
And paused with his friends beside me,
Late on a sunny day.

“ Vainly among my branches
For cooling fruit they sought—
Surely they knew that in April
The search must be for nought?

“ Stern grew the brow of the leader ;
He opened his mouth and spake
A heavy curse against me,—
A curse for the season’s sake.

“ How could I comprehend it?
I thought he must know why;
And I saw my foliage wither
With only a gentle sigh.

“ But the little birds that gathered
Beneath my leaves at night,
And the bees, were grieved about it
And could not find it right.

“ I have questioned many a doctor
And many a cowed saint,
But none of them all can tell me
The cause of my punishment.

The Complaint of the Fruitless Fig-Tree 25

“ And so through summer and winter
Barren and brown I stand;
I grieve and puzzle about it
And cannot understand.

“ I am waiting now for the Judgment,
For the dawn of the righteous day,
When the curse and the shame and the
evil fame
Shall be lifted and blown away.”

.
The shifting sunlight fell athwart my
eyes,—

I stirred, and opened them, and looking
up
Beheld the dull green branches full of
fruit.

I got my staff in hand, and all the way
To Bethany I marvelled o'er and o'er,
Whether I dreamed at first, and made
the plaint

While wide awake, or whether when I
woke

I woke into a dream, or whether when
I read that strange tale in the Book, I
dream.

THE BROTHER OF THE PRODIGAL SON

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BROTHER
AND THE FATHER OF THE PRODIGAL

THE BROTHER

Sire, my heart is sore to-day;
Sire, I have somewhat to say.
I do not grudge my brother aught
Of the joys this day has brought;
Less thou couldst not well have done,
Seeing that he is thy son;
Yet it rankles in my heart,—
I that chose the better part
Never from thy lips have heard
Blessing or approving word.

THE FATHER

Yea, the better part hadst thou,
Hence no need of comfort now.
Thou dost know the joy serene
Come of hand and conscience clean.

Every time we sat at food
Was a feast of gratitude;
Duty's blessings clustering hung
Daily the dark leaves among.

THE BROTHER

Sire, the heart thou know'st not well;
Very little it doth tell
In the glow of youth's springtide
Of a conscience satisfied.
Nay, a poor joy it would be
To contemplate constantly
How in spite of us the real
Falls below the high ideal.
Duty 's not the only tooth
Gnawing at the heart of youth.

THE FATHER

Son, thou grievest me right sore,—
Scarce thy brother grieved me more;
He was blind, and blinding sin
Hid the way that he was in;
He has chewed the bitter root,
Found how little it doth boot;

28 *The Brother of the Prodigal Son*

Now an outcast, contrite, poor,
Comes he to his father's door,
And thou grudgest him a sup
From thine ever-brimming cup.

THE BROTHER

When my brother went away
And my duty bade me stay,
Think not 't was an easy thing;
I too heard the sirens sing,
And that song rang in my ears
All the dull, monotonous years
While with cheerless heart I wooed
That cold, unresponsive prude
Virtue, and the sun will set
With the sweet song ringing yet.

THE FATHER

Much I marvel at thy word;
Such wild thoughts I never heard
From thine erewhile temperate tongue
Here, the white-fleeced flocks among.
Daily with the calm-eyed kine
Following down the furrow-line,

Whence, in such meek company,
Did these fierce thoughts come to thee?
Sure thy brain is overwrought
That thou countest virtue naught.

THE BROTHER

Virtue is a glittering star,
Very cold and very far;
Sin is warm and fierce and near,
Ever whispering in our ear.
You whose arteries quiet flow,
Little do you dream or know,
While we go about our work,
How the lures of hell do lurk
In the unseen, surging flood
Of our hot, tempestuous blood.

THE FATHER

Sin at hand and virtue far,—
Soul and sense in thee at war,—
Yet the struggle left no trace
On thy firm, impassive face?
This is born of some disease;
Never such mad words as these
Came from thine own natural heart
From all poison-taint apart.

Or is thine unwarded breast
By some evil fiend possessed?

THE BROTHER

In the heart's recesses sit
All the demons of the pit,
Bound with chains of slightest hair
Which an easy breath may tear.
Some in beauty perilous
Unto pleasure beckon us,
Some in monstrous shapes of doubt
Scoff our better yearnings out;—
Such companions hath the soul
While the placid seasons roll.

THE FATHER

At the thought of this thy strife,
As from out another life,
From the chambers of my past
Phantom memories gather fast
Of the storms of other days.
Time hath greatly changed my ways;
Duty's habitude doth keep
Youth's dead passions buried deep,
Yet these conflicts once were mine
And my youth was like to thine.

THE BROTHER

Duty, sire, is like the moon,
Love is like the sun at noon.
Duty has no heat to make
Roses from the thorn-bush break.
Love, love, love, O sire, I crave,—
Love can make the faint heart brave
He who treads the flowerless path
Likewise need of comfort hath;
All the charms of virtue prove
Dust beside the balm of love.

THE FATHER

Son, my heart is strangely moved;
Justly do I stand reproved.
All too lightly I forgot
The temptations of thy lot;
Homely duties fitly borne
Match the prodigal's return.
Yea, for him who never wandered,
Not less than for him who squandered
His endowment, should there be
Fatted calf and jubilee.

(They go together to the feast)

THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY

JESUS sat in the treasury,
Answering scribe and Pharisee
Questions of law and subtlety.

Thither a woman to him they brought
In the act of adultery caught,
Worthy of death, as Moses taught;

Knowing that Jesus' teachings were
Love and mercy for all that err,
Asked him what they should do with
her.

Stooping, Jesus wrote on the floor
Something the wise men pondered o'er--
Hid from the world forevermore.

"He that hath no sins of his own
May be the first, and he alone,
At the woman to cast a stone."

This is the judgment the judges heard;
Thence they slunk with never a word;
Neither he nor the woman stirred.

After a silence Jesus said:
"Whither are thine accusers fled?
Hath none against thee witnessed?"

Answered the woman humbly, "No."
"Cease from sin," said Jesus; "and lo!
Neither do I condemn thee. Go."

Natheless the woman did not rise;
Lifted only her shame-red eyes,
Gazing at Jesus in helpless wise:

"Death and shame await me whether
I turn me hither or turn me thither:
Go, sayest thou; but, Master, whither?"

Did Jesus leave her lying low?
Gladly the puzzled world would know
Whither the Master bade her go.

HEAVEN AND HELL

THE preacher paused at paragraph
Eight,

 In the midst of Paradise;
From One to Six he had painted the fate
 Of the victims of wilful vice,
And now he allured to a nobler life
 With visions of future bliss,
Where ease shall atone for present strife
 And the next world balance this.

But ere he could take up caput Nine
 Some one opened the outer door,
And heads were turned down the main
 aisle line

 At the sound of feet on the floor;
A woman with eyes that brooked no bar
 Strode through the gallery arch,
In her right hand bearing a water-jar
 And in her left a torch.

The preacher lifted his solemn eyes
And mildly shook his head;
He gazed at the woman in grieved surprise

Who had broken his sermon's thread;
He raised his voice while she still was far
And hoped to stay her march:

"What would you here with your water-jar,
And what would you here with the torch?"

"A shame," she cried, "on your coward creed!

And have you no faith in man?
I bear this witness 'gainst fear and greed,
I burn and quench as I can:
The torch I bear to set heaven afire
And the water to put out hell,
That men may cease to do good for hire,
And the evil from fear to quell."

She came near the altar and swung her torch,
And dashed the water around,

Then turned and passed through aisle
and through porch,

While the people sat spell-bound.

She walks the earth with her emblems
dire

And she works her mission well:

The torch to set high heaven afire

And the water to put out hell.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO
WOMEN

'T IS nearly nineteen hundred years
Since the Judean shepherds
heard
Peal from the solemn, starlit sky
The one supreme, long-needed word,—
Needed as sadly now as then:
“Peace and good will on earth to men.”
Alas! they caught no chord that hymn in
Of peace on earth, good will to women.

Down the stern centuries since that night
The angel prophecy has thrilled,
Aye echoing through the upper air;
On earth it still is unfulfilled.
Men hear the song, strife does not cease;
Never will come the age of peace
Until the carol with new vim in
Brings peace on earth, good will to
women.

38 *Peace on Earth, Good Will to Women*

The potentates of Christendom

Preach peace to-day with Gatling-
guns;

Statesmen, to spread good will on earth,

Make cannon-food of mothers' sons;

Yet even in the hot battle's breath

The Red Cross soothes the pangs of
death,

While eyes the light of life grows dim in

Pray, "Peace on earth, good will to
women."

To man the race, not men the sex,

The message from on high was sent;

These weary centuries in vain

Men sought, alone, the Christ's intent.

Now, with new-dowered inner ear,

In the angelic strain we hear

A swelling theme, the round world's
rim in,—

"Peace and good will to men and
women!"

AN HONEST CHRISTENING

THE MOTHER

MY God,
I pledge this child to Thee,
To serve Thee three score years and ten.
Although Thine image is in me
So spoilt, Thou scarce wouldst know 't
again,—
So warpéd from its sacred uses,
So scarred and twisted by abuses
My own life is but half alive,
I see not how my babe can thrive,—
Yet grant this prayer to me.
I pledge this child to Thee,
My God.

THE FATHER

O Lord,
My fathers' God,
I pledge this child to all things good.
I know that passion's lava-flood
From the first hour consumes its blood;

Thou knowest the quenchless poison-
thirst

That long my father's house has cursed,

This is my babe's inheritance:

Passion, disease, intemperance.

And yet, O Lord,

My fathers' God,

I pledge this child to all things good.

THE 13TH VENDÉMIAIRE

ST. ROCH, PARIS, 1881

FACING these steps he stood—the
man of fate—

Nearly a hundred years ago—a young
man then—

New in the world and only a few years
out of his mother's arms;

All the thousands of restless women and
men

Now in the streets and the shops were
dust and ashes then;

All that saw him here, save the church
walls and the sun,

Are gone now, who knows where? and
the day, too, it is gone.

Down the little street and there where
the houses are

Came the citizen troops, as they thought,
in a righteous war—

Law and order and right against anarchy
and wrong.

Was it the will of a single man—a hired
machine—

Or the vast design of God that gave the
order to fire?

Strange how little we know! But if the
order had failed,

Or the advancing lines had been a little
more strong,

Thousands of lives like ours that were
spent for a good unseen—

By them or us—had passed in peace
and joy.

Thousands of hearts that bled, and
voices that wailed

For the husbands, lovers, and sons
whose bones were scattered by
him

Over the charnel-house of Europe for
twenty years,

Had throbbed and sung their joys a
lifetime as ours do now.

But we who know the whole would
scarce have chosen this way,

The way of ruin and woe, as the way of
beauty and love;—
Was it the voice of the will of a man
like us—
Blind and cruel and selfish—that gave
the order to fire,
Or the hidden purpose of God? It is
hard to say.

Yonder on Belgium's plain, where the
British lion stands
With conquering paw on the world, his
end came too.
Twenty years of war, of anguish, ruin,
and death,
Between this day and that—and here
the beginning of all.
Can it be that in him, that one small,
silent man,
With his sluggish pulse that beat but
one to our two,
The seed of this whole bitter tree was
lying on that day?
Only a single word,—if God had not
wished it so,

He might have stopped him then, it
seems; a wandering ball

Had changed the course of the world—
but it must be

That this heartless servant of death was
God's servant too.

Only a word—and the great, cold, grin-
ning guns

Spoke with a voice whose echoes lasted
for twenty years;

And there where the houses are and the
careless people go,

Lay the soulless bodies of men, their
blood where the water flows,

Stood the wavering ranks of the living
soon to die.

Two short hours, and all was over, the
harvest begun.

The steps and the walls of the church—
God's house—they do not blush

For the shame they saw that day—God
must have wished it so.

Little we know of His ways—we are
blind; let us go.

THE PHANTOM GUEST

WE pull together in the yoke
Of duty, neither shirking;
I long to praise that heart of oak,
But shrink, and keep on working;
Yet oft I think what I should feel
And say, should aught betide him,—
If he were lying cold and still
And I stood warm beside him.

We two are rivals in the race;
He wins the prize I covet;
I hate him frankly and lack grace
To keep my heart above it;
Yet hate would be a tale that 's told,
And gladly I 'd abide him,
If he were lying still and cold
And I stood warm beside him.

'T is years that we have been estranged,
' Well-nigh forgot the reason;
All but our cursed pride has changed,
Changed with the changing season;

Yet I could weep for him until
His numb, dumb heart should chide
him,
If he were lying cold and still
And I stood warm beside him.

How many hates would be as not,
How many wrongs be righted,
Kind words be spoken, now forgot,
Deeds done that now are slighted,
If each man had, like them of old,
This phantom guest to guide him,—
His fellow lying still and cold,
Himself all warm beside him!

THE SONG BEHIND THE SHUTTER

I WALK the streets at night alone,
The white lights stare and sputter,
My feet keep time on the pavement-
stone

To the song behind the shutter.

Behind the shutter the good folk sit;
By the mirth that follows after
I note the burst of each sally of wit,
I hear their glee and laughter.

Their glee and laughter flow unchecked
By any haunting pity
For the helmless bark that is drifting
wrecked

On the joyous shores of their city.

Alone at night I walk the streets,
The white lights stare and sputter;
For hours my homeless heart repeats
The song behind the shutter.

VON FERNE

AS one who from his faithful household goes
Upon a distant journey, set about
With unknown dangers, yet looks
bravely out
Beyond the toils and troubles that he
knows
Will settle on his future like the snows
Of winter, and he dreams of that glad
day
When home no longer shall be far
away,
And cheers his spirit thus when faith
burns low—
So I here on the border of these years
Through which my feet must wander
all alone,
Heart-weary, have one only thought
that cheers:
That after all the bitter days have
flown,
And after all the heart-ache and the
tears,
My faithful love at last may claim its
own.

UNWEIT DEM ZIEL

THE wanderer who has left his home
behind

To seek a happier one 'neath other skies,
After long days on comfortless ways
that rise

And turn, footsore and heartsore, eyes
tearblind,

Mounting a higher peak than others, will
find

A glorious vision of the longed-for
place

Stretching sun-kissed along the moun-
tain's base,

Then goes on cheered and strengthened,
body and mind.

After unsatisfied yearnings and great
fears

Such vision has this summer been to
me,

Full of unspeakable happiness with
thee,

Into the not-far, ah! but too-far years

When such a summer all our life shall
be,—

And short the onward journey now
appears.

HEIM

WHOM all the choir has sung as
wayward, coy,
A dear delusion, always just ahead,
But never to a son of mortal wed,
Given but to lure us on forever, Joy!
A resting-place she's found that does
not cloy,
And she has made her lasting home
with me;
Sweeter she found the days with Love
and thee
Than heartless with a million hearts to
toy.
Ah, with what flowing heart of thank-
fulness
I think of thee to whom all this I
owe,—
The better life, the hope, the peaceful-
ness
Of spirit, and the happiness I know;
I thank thee, and I pray that God may
bless,
And grant that stronger still our love
may grow.

IMMERGRUEN

CHILL winds and gloomy skies are
driving fast

The summer's glory southward; life
runs low;

Despairingly the helpless leaves let go
And tremble graveward on the heartless
blast;

The feathered minnesingers, too, have
passed

To happier lands where death and
winter rob not;

Nature's great heart seems still, her
pulses throb not;

O'er all the world despair and gloom are
cast.

Without, despair, but, God! what joy
within!

A happiness that, thought of, makes
me start;

Unfading blooms and songs undying,
when

From outward nature all her charms
depart,—

For from the sunshine of thy love I win

An everlasting springtime in my
heart.

A GREETING

*COURAGE and hope go with thee, who
hast been*

*Courage and hope to those thou leav'st
behind.*

*Swift as thou run'st thy errand of the
mind*

*Our swifter thoughts outspeed thee still, I
ween,*

*And go before thee all unheard, unseen,
Forming a presence that shall make
more kind*

*The rude caresses of the salty wind,
More restful still the old town bowered in
green.*

*Behold, the days are dust that glitters and
falls,*

*The years but as the briefest summer
night,—*

*Scarce dark, and dawn is on the east-
ward slope.*

*Two things abide: the mighty spirit whose
calls*

*Thou followest seaward, and that love
whose light*

*More swiftly follows thee. Courage
and hope !*

ARTHUR GRAVES CANFIELD.

AN ANSWER

I N these scholastic glooms, my hand
still warm
With that fond parting from my West,
my world,
If from the dark behind a coward arm
At my bowed head some poisoned
lance had hurled,
I could have borne it well. As the sharp
blast
Brings back the life to one about to
faint,
Such an attack had made my hands
clench fast
And set lips send defiance, not com-
plaint.
But thy dear benison falls on my heart
Like kindly sunshine on a frozen
slope,
Melting my numbing will, and down-
ward start
The hot and homesick tears. Yet will
I hope
The mellowed soil thus moistened may
bring forth
A better harvest than that icy earth.

IN ABSENCE—TO HER PICTURE

WHEN the hour comes for putting
out the light

I go to greet thy picture at the last
And the dear eyes resistless hold me
fast—

I cannot blot that sweetness with the
night;

I stay my breath, the salt mist blinds
my sight,

But still, love-lustrous when the mist
is past,

Reproachful trust those dear orbs on
me cast,

And guilty sorrow overcomes me quite.

E'en so, meseems, in fierce Othello's
breast

The strife ran, when with purpose
passion-fired

He gazed on that fair sleeper,
doomed to death
Unknowing. Then with jealous-
poisoned breath
He quenched that light forever. I,
inspired
By thy dear will, snuff mine, and go
to rest.

WASTED SUNSHINE

DEAR God, thy gentle sunlight falls
Adown the shimmering green
So lovingly on these cold walls
And the bright turf between.

It falls so pitilessly sweet
Across my lonesome way,—
Its comfort lies about my feet
In vain, this weary day.

For like a blow my heart doth smite
The autumn's golden glory,
As do the rays of heaven's light
The souls in purgatory.

Dear God, thy blessed sunlight falls
Athwart my glooming heart,
But leaves it cold as these cold walls
The while we are apart.

SONG AT SUNSET

THE sun goes down in the west,
To the land where the evening
star

Hangs bright on the evening's breast,—
To the land where my loved ones are.

But the sun, when the night is done,
Comes up o'er the bitter main;
Ah, if I were the setting sun
I never should rise again!

FAITH

ALTHOUGH I know she is miles
away,

I search for her face in the crowd all
day;

My hungry eyes wander like Noah's dove
And find in the man-flood no sign of my
love.

I know it is foolish, but eyes are too true
To give up the quest, though they 've
never a clue;

One day they shall find the one face
'neath the sun

And the parting and longing and watch-
ing be done.

WHEN MY LADY-LOVE LIVED
HERE

ONCE this street was holy ground,
And the friendly walls around
Seemed to smile as I came near,
When my lady-love lived here.

So to-day I sought the place,
Homesick for her blessed face,
And the senseless walls of stone
Made me feel the more alone.

Henceforth I will guard my feet
When they wander toward this street,
Desolate now as it was dear
When my lady-love lived here.

When the spirit goes away
Shall I shun its house of clay?
Shall I only say, How drear,
Since my love 's no longer here?

SHE WAS ALONG

WHEN last I went this way
The swaying elms among,
It was a joyous day—
She was along.

When the grand arch of sky,
The great air sweet and strong
Drew forth my soul's reply,
She was along.

A haunting faint perfume
Steals o'er me mid the throng
When last I smelled that bloom
She was along.

A wild and nameless pain
Distracts me in the song:
Joy once was in the strain—
She was along.

Could I wipe out the past,
Would I thus do her wrong?
Shall I regret at last
She was along?

AFTER A WHILE

AFTER a while the goal I failed to
gain

Will tease my heart no more, but
sink from view;

The sting of loss will ease its sharper
pain,

And life's invincible joyousness anew
My soul beguile
After a while.

After a while I shall not greatly care
Whether my foes are fierce or friends
are true;

I shall be satisfied to do my share,
Nor jealously insist upon my due,
Nor fate revile,
After a while.

After a while it will not hurt so sore
To look upon the spot she loved so
 well;
I shall not feel so lonesome when the
 door
Opens and she comes not, missing the
 spell
Of her sweet smile,
After a while.

After a while the night will pass away,—
The long, long night of waiting and of
 woe;
My soul has longed for day or death, but
 day
Must come, must come, though spec-
 ter-filled and slow
The hours defile,
After a while.

AND SO WE TWO MUST PART
AT LAST

AND so the thing we feared has come,
And so we two must part at
last,—

We who had said it could not be,
So often in the past.

We shared a pinched and struggling
youth,

We fought each other's battles all,
We kept each other's hopes alive
Through bitterness and gall.

We mourned when others' loves were
lost,

More closely each to each we drew;
Seeing their faith in life go out
Our hearts together grew.

Our paths led onward side by side;
The night came down, but aye serene
Into the gloom we walked, assured
That nought could come between.

64 *And so We Two must Part at Last*

But evil powers worked in the dark;
 Though near we heard each other's
 call,
When the darkness fled the rising day,
 Between us rose a wall.

And though the voice sound aye the
 same
 And though we say that nought has
 passed,
The evil day we feared so long
 Has come on us at last.

This was the last bond of our youth,
 By this we know that we are men;
But we never again can love a man
 As we loved each other then.

THE TOUCH OF TIME

THE very smile of God
Lighted the feet that trod
Love's rosy path one sweet, indelible
day;

How hardly you had said
That smile could ever fade
Or that great splendor ever pass away!

Yet the day had its close;
Another morning rose,
Bright, but yet dull to what that day
did give;

Not twice can human eyes
Endure the vast surprise
To look upon the face of God, and live.

Now, tempered and subdued,
Fitted to mortal mood,

The chastened light suffuses every hour;
The generous heavens throw
A pleasing afterglow
On other hearts, of Love's transfiguring
power.

.
For you, dear one,
The warm, white sun
Faded one day mid-sky,
Grew faint and cold and high,
Seemed to mock you with its glare,
Its unsympathetic stare;
And you fled to the gloom
Of your empty room,
And the cold about your heart
Made you start,
Made you shiver,
And think of the quiet of the river,
And wonder if the sun would ever dare
to shine again.

But the implacable day
Rose prompt and mocking-warm,
(Ah, if you might have had a
week's delay—
Of night and storm!)

But the threads began to draw,
Unseen, scarce felt, of Mother Nature's
law:

A homely duty here,
A mean act there,
That roused the heat of wrath in your
cold heart;
A hand for help held out,
And all about
Pervasive habit with her comforting
arms.

So day by day
The winter wore away;
Life gained again his own,
And Love regained his throne—
Not less nor more,
But wiser, stronger, and serener than
before.

ENTSCHLAFEN

OFt when the mother's hands have
laid

To quiet sleep her babe so dear
Her heart stands still with sudden
fear

Lest this be Death in masquerade.

When the last silence of our clay
Falls on the blossom lips that late
Spake blessings inarticulate
And tried her name but yesterday,

The mother's heart with hope will leap—
So faithful is the counterfeit—
While something whispers low to it,
"Thy little one has fallen asleep."

Ah, heaven, the dumb mystery
That lies below the unopening eye!
Named with the name that withers
joy,
At least we know not else of thee.

And thou dear Saxon mother-tongue,
When the loved form lies cold and
stark,
When hope is sick and nature dark,
And all the deep heartstrings are wrung,
When round the grave the mourners
weep
Thank Heaven for thy sweet comfort-
ing,
As the priest's voice prays quavering,
"Our little one has fallen asleep."

NATURE'S EPITAPH

WHO knows where the graveyard is
Where the fox and the eagle lie?
Who has seen the obsequies
Of the red deer when they die?

With death they steal away
Out of the sight of the sun;
Out of the sight of the living, they
Pay the debt and are done.

No marble marks the place;
The common forest brown
Covers them over with Quaker grace
Just where they laid them down.

But a few years, if you see
In summer a deeper green
Here and there, it is like to be
The spot where their bones have been.

Thus, not more, to the poor dead year:
No grave, nor ghostly stone,
But a greener life and a warmer cheer
Be the only sign that he 's gone.

CHILDHOOD IN THE SLUMS

THESE little lips have learned
The language of wrath and sin,
And the cheeks of one unused grow
pale
At the sounds his ears take in.

Yet the thoughtless, unkind word
On the o'erwrought mother's part
Has found its way past the tiger spots
And broken the childish heart.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

M. H.

THROUGH life's enchanted palace
did she keep

Her joyous way, heart-sunshine in her
face

And on her lips a benedicial grace,
And eyes, it seemed, that knew not how
to weep.

Then came a jealous fate; sudden and
deep

He thrust the poisoned thorn; a little
space,

And silence falls and darkness o'er the
place—

And she and all the palace with her sleep.

There she lies spellbound sleeping, while
the hedge

Of rose-thorned time divides us more
each day,

Until the Lord of Love Immortal make

The thorns turn into bloom, hope's rosy
pledge,
And on her waiting lips His warm kiss
lay,
And she and all the palace with her
wake.

O GRAVE, WHERE IS THY
VICTORY?

C. A. G.

FOR twenty years did Nature wait
without,
Besetting that storm-beaten tenement,
Claiming her debt; from door to door
she went,
Rude battering with all her hostile rout.
And we who helpless waiting stood
about,
While frail walls tottered and light
bolts were bent,
Dreading each day to see some fatal
rent,
We marvelled how that house should
prove so stout.
But Love was there, the lord of Life and
Death,
And held the importunate enemy at
bay;
Yet when his work was done, all
peacefully

O Grave, Where Is Thy Victory? 75

As dawn grows day, Life yielded up his
breath,
Surrendering to a vanquished en-
emy,
And took Love's hand in his and
went away.

THE SETTING

C. A. G.

HIS lesser gems the lapidary sets
In cunning marvels of the goldsmith's art,
Whose fretted bars and filigrees impart
An added brilliance to their starry jets;
But the great balls of diamond fire he lets
Into plain circlets whence contrasted dart
Their lambent glories, dazzling in such sort
That the rapt sight the setting clean forgets.
God put the luminous soul of her who past
Into that frail and anguish-stricken frame,
That its supernal splendor might contrast
With its sad setting, till the living flame
Burned the slight dross away, and at the last
Transfigured to the Master's crown she came.

ON ONE WHO DIED IN
CHILDBIRTH

N. T. H.

“**A**LONE,” we groan, when others
die, “alone!”

Out of the joyous sunlight of this
earth,

Through the dark portals of the sec-
ond birth

Into the limitless Unknown, alone!

Ah, sad to stand before His splendid
throne,

Or wander wistful mid celestial mirth,

The human heart still hungry with
love's dearth,

In all that City of God alone unknown!

How kinder Death to her! Behind the
veil,

The sun-bright shadow cast athwart
our night,

78 *On One Who Died in Childbirth*

Her angel lingered, lest her heart
 should fail,
Until, their souls well knit, they passed
 away,
 Pure of the earth with pure of heaven
 aflight
Through God's wide fields, communing
 all the day.

HAGEN UND VOLKER

C. F. S.

(*Nibelungenlied, Abenteuer 29*)

I N Etzel's land they sat long years ago
In the tense evening of that fatal

day;

On Hagen's knees a naked sword
there lay,

And Volker stroked his baleful fiddle-
bow.

So the Fair Vengeance found them coun-
selling low;

No greeting but defiance offered they
To her fierce menaces, and kept at bay
With grim, sad eyes the wily Hunnish
foe.

When insolent Fate, with doom in either
hand

Came lording on us as we sat alone

Before the battle, friend, we did not
rise,
But each read fealty in the other's
eyes,
And like those doughty Niblungs daunt-
less scanned
Her scowling ministers, and faced
them down.

WEEDS

POOR, homely, unloved things beside
the way,

That strive in voiceless ignominy, still
Undaunted though downtrodden, to
fulfil

Your appointed purpose! Patient the
long day

Ye take the buffetings of scornful clay,
Sustained by that small portion of
God's dew

Which thick-strewn dust permits to
fall on you,

And live where finer herbs must wilt
away.

Have ye, too, dreams of better things to
be:

Of worlds in which the crooked shall
be straight,

Where all that are in bondage shall be
free

And lifted up all those of low estate;
Where, to the thought that knows the
potent seeds,

Weeds shall be e'en as flowers, flowers as
weeds?

ADAM'S FIRST SLEEP

WHEN that first sleep on father
Adam fell

And his sweet world of Eden swooned
away,

Knowing nor sleep nor waking till that
day

He had no other thought but all was
well

And yielded all-confiding to the spell.

Lo, when the world of sense resumed
its sway,

Supernal Eve, sleep-born, beside him
lay,

And joy was his beyond what words can
tell.

How foolish, then, our fears of that last
sleep!

No more than Adam of the end we
know.

When we lie down at last, may not we
keep

Trust that the reawakening will show
Life freed from clogs of error, pain, and
pelf,

The old, sweet Eden, but a nobler self?

MOTHER, WHAT CHEER ?

MOTHER, I stand upon the storm-
whipt shore

Of that salt flood whose sources are
our tears,

Whose other coast,—O land of hopes
and fears!—

No man knows if it be, forevermore.

Mindful of thee I sadly reckon o'er

The clustering blessings of these later
years;

My sun-kissed fields are full of bending
ears,

The heaped grain lies about the thresh-
ing-floor.

But thou, mother,—I call across the
flood

If haply any tiding I may hear.

Earth was a flint-strewn tread-mill
where the blood

From thy brave feet marks out thy
sad career,

And night fell ere thou sawest the dear-
bought good—

I call across the wave—Mother, what
cheer?

SOMETHING REMAINS

FRIEND, there be some who say the
 gods are dead,

And all the grace of the world's earlier
 day

And lingering light of heaven passed
 away,

And the fine bloom of life forever shed ;
They say the dryads and the nymphs
 are fled ;

No fauns or satyrs in the clearings
 play,

Ceres and Bacchus with their bright
 array

Winepress and threshing-floor no longer
 tread.

But never Hesiod tasted sweeter thing,
 Horace, nor Master Walther Vogel-
 weid,

Than I who sit upon a carpet fair
Of new-born verdure, in this joyous
 spring,

God in my heart, my dear ones at my
 side,

Glad just to breathe the universal
 air.

TO SOME FRIENDS MADE LONG
AGO AT SEA

J. M. B.

DEAR phantoms of my summer's
golden dream!

Across the gulf of miles and years I
fling

This ghostly greeting, trusting it may
sing

No swan-song of remembrance, but
redeem

One sweet and pleasant thing from
Lethe's stream,

Ere it be swept away. Fond images

Of the inconstant air! what sorceries

Shall I employ to make you what you
seem?

If, being dreams, I know that ye have
been,

How can I know less surely that ye
may

Become again substantial, and within

Some interstellar argosy one day,

No dear one missing, we may meet again,

And read earth's tales to while the
time away.

GOD KNEW WHAT STORMY SEAS

P. D. A.

DEAR uncomplaining, sunny-hearted
friend,

The storms that snap thy graver fel-
lows short,

The waves that make our destinies
their sport,

Leave thee still undismayed. The floods
descend

On thy unrooféd home; the big clouds
send

Merciless hail intent to blot thee out;

Unfaltering above the ruin and rout

Thy clear voice rings serene unto the end.

I marvel much what spiritual mail

Thus keeps thee scatheless; yet let no
man think

Unbroken is unfeeling,—thou'dst not
quail,

But still be cheerful on the grave's
sharp brink:

God knew what stormy seas thy bark
should sail,

And made it buoyant that it might not
sink.

LIEDER OHNE WORTE

L. E. S.

THE high, unearthly sweetness of
these airs,
Wrung out long, long ago by love and
grief
From the great master's heartstrings,
for relief
Thrilling thus passionately through the
years
Rather than break outright, into our
ears
Steals softly, unannounced—a kindly
thief,—
And, breathing on our dusty strings,
in brief
Sets them to singing, and we stand in
tears.
Type of the joys and woes of thousands,
worn
Serenely and untrumpeted, but turned

Into the voiceless music of loving
deeds,
Whose influence ineffable is borne
Round the great globe to cheerless
souls that yearned
In darkness for this answer to their
needs.

A POET TO A VIOLINIST

I CAN set words in order; I can charm
With thoughts the heart divined
but could not speak;
Can with the call of honor flush the
cheek
Or blanch it with the echoes of alarm.
But puny are my powers to thine arm,
Who wieldst the master-bow. Thou
needst not seek
The utterance, inadequate and weak,
Of language and the stumbling stilts of
form.
From that quaint casket, spanned with
throbbing chords,
As 't were my heartstrings, thou canst
voices draw
Ineffably sad, soft, inarticulate words;
Canst rule my soul against my reason's
law,
Rouse yearnings that no language can
express
And break my heart for very tenderness.

CHARLES ROBINSON OF KANSAS

WHEN the great ice-floes from the
pole moved down
To plow and harrow the mid-continent,
Upon them rode the granite masses,
rent
In passing from the mountains gray and
brown
Of the still, frozen North. Men see them
crown
The midland knolls, their errant
forces spent,
In splendid isolation eloquent,
Seeming at times to smile, at times to
frown.
Of such stern substance was our
Robinson.
He rode the human drift—yet steered,
no less—
That blest the West with men of
Mayflower stock;
Conscious of strength he loved to stand
alone,
Steadfast and cool amid the storm
and stress,
On Kansas plains a piece of Ply-
mouth Rock.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

(Died June 13, 1878)

EVEN as the glowing sun sinks in the
west

After a perfect cloudless summer day,
Brim full of busy hours and minutes
gay

That with its genial beams have been
caressed,

His tireless hands have found their well-
earned rest

After these many toilful, fruitful
years,

And full of light his life sun disappears
From all the grateful scenes its rays had
blessed.

In him dumb Nature found a skilful
tongue

For all the thoughts wherewith her
breast is rife;

Old Homer's harp, by him most sweetly
strung,

Has twanged Odysseus' woes and
Ilion's strife;

But yet of all the songs this minstrel sung
The noblest was the poem of his life.

TO JOHN G. WHITTIER

J. M. M.

(In memory of a visit to the poet by two friends, one from South Carolina, the other from Kansas.)

BENIGNANT spirit, to thy hallowed
seat

Led by the homage due to seer and
sage,

Came late two children of the newer
age

To sit a deathless hour at thy feet;

One from the freshened ardor and gener-
ous heat

Of the palmetto's twice-bought heri-
tage,

And one made from the plains his
pilgrimage

Where bleeding Kansas' wounds are
healed with wheat.

Oh, well for thee, my country, proud and
fair,

When the new North, reborn in the
wide West,

And the new South, in such serèner air,
Shall the new Union in one fane
invest

Of sweet good will—and woe to those
who tear

Like vampires the old wounds upon
thy breast!

JOHN BROWN

HAD he been made of such poor clay
as we,

Who, when we feel a little fire aglow
'Gainst wrong within us, dare not let
it grow,

But crouch and hide it, lest the scorner
see

And sneer, yet bask our self-complacency
In that faint warmth,—had he been
fashioned so,

The nation ne'er had come to that
birth-throe

That gave the world a new humanity.
He was no vain professor of the word—

His life a mockery of his creed;—he
made

No discount on the Golden Rule, but
heard

Above the Senate's brawls and din of
trade

Ever the clank of chains, until he
stirred

The nation's heart on that immortal
raid.

IT DOES NOT PAY

IT does not pay to struggle so
And let the blessed present go—
To hang wind-swung with hopes and
fears,
And long sore-hearted through the
years,
While round our feet heaven's violets
grow.

Our soul's best treasure we bestow
On fame—for what, we do not know;
But cares increase, and graves, and
tears—
It does not pay.

Far off the treacherous vistas show
Dim splendors in a golden glow;
Beside us, seen too late, appears
The hateful woman with the shears;
Alas, we struggle on although
It does not pay.

THE MASTER OF BRYNWOOD

FAIR Brynwood looks out from the
hill

O'er thicket and terrace and lawn,
Every tree in its place knows the light
of his face,
But the Master of Brynwood is gone.

As aforetime the tremulous east
Climbs up toward the sky in the dawn,
But his worshipping eyes who saw God
in those skies,
The Master of Brynwood is gone.

The treasures of art that he loved
From the walls that he built beckon
down;
On the shelves crowd the friends he had
brought from earth's ends,
But the Master of Brynwood is gone.

We shall miss the quick wit at the board,
The wise word from counsel withdrawn;
We shall start as we turn to his place but
to learn
That the Master of Brynwood is gone.

Yet his spirit, a presence benign,
In all his loved haunts will live on;
His life added worth to this corner of
earth,
Though the Master of Brynwood be
gone.

Dear Mistress of Brynwood, be strong;
Our hearts too are sore with your pain,
God's love be your stay till He give you
one day
The Master of Brynwood again.

BENEATH THE ICE

BENEATH the ice the waters run—
The roof by frost-elves deftly
 spun—

Unseen, yet no less rapidly
To meet the ever-waiting sea
And with the great deep be made one.

The stream that under summer's sun
Turbid and angry tumbled on,
 From every taint of earth is free
 Beneath the ice.

This life, in storm and stress begun,
Ere all its seaward course is done
 May its snow-covered levels be
 Of passion quit and vanity,—
Of self and selfish cares be none
 Beneath the ice.

THE TIDE IS OUT

THE tide is out, and left and right
Full many a grewsome, uncouth
sight

The marshy river flats reveal,
While here and there a venturous keel
Creeps warily through some shallow
bight.

Above, the sea-gulls gray and white
Weird calling wing their heavy flight;
The dripping piers despondent feel
The tide is out.

Thus in the soul erst crystal bright
Unlovely objects come to light,
When the high floods of faith and zeal,
Wont with their kind waves to conceal
Our frailties, ebb, and in the night
The tide is out.

A STORMY NIGHT

THE wind is full of homeless souls—
 Each man pray for his near ones!
They wail along the lower sky
And the tops of the great elms toss and
 sigh—

May God protect my dear ones!

The cold moon rides with her evil eye—
 Each man pray for his near ones!

The storm is rising from the sea
And all the spirits of wrath are free—
 May God protect my dear ones!

The clouds scud low above the lea—
 Each man pray for his near ones!
Ere morn what boat may lie on the
 shoals?

What home be a heap of ashes and coals?
 May God protect my dear ones!

WOULD GOD I WERE NOW BY
THE SEA

(Theme from Euripides)

WOULD God I were now by the sea,
On the sandy, sea-weed shore,
Where the waves from the other side of
the world
Roll in forever with high crests curled,
Roll in for evermore.

Would God I were now on the shore
With the smooth sand 'neath my feet,
With the salt fresh gale blowing round
my head,
And the scolding sea-gulls with wings
outspread,—
The sea-gulls flying fleet.

Would God I were now on the wave,
On the rising, sinking deck,

While the cares that have made me
 weary of time
Might still have the mountain wall to
 climb
And never find my track.

Would God I were now on the deck,
 Far front on the soaring prow,
With eyes on the far-off, phantom sail,
Or the changing green of the swirling
 swale,—
The soft green field we plow.

Ah, God, for the giant sea,
 The restless, restful sea!
With wife and wee one close by my side
And a few good friends with their dis-
 course wide
To soothe and comfort me.

KING ARTHUR'S HUNT

A Legend of Gascogne *

O H, Arthur the King on a Sunday
morn

In a country church was praying,
When he heard through the door the
blast of a horn,
And his good hound Hauston baying.

Oh, his huntsman's heart leaped sharp
in his breast,
And his lips forgot their duty;
He rose from his knees all unconfessed
To follow the forest's booty.

But woe is the man, be he knave or king,
Who lightly leaves his praying,
For love, or for danger, or anything,
Yea, even a deer-hound's baying.

* It is a curious fact in folk-lore that this legend, essentially that of the Wild Huntsman, should be found in southern France attached to King Arthur.

But Arthur the King's on his courser's
back,

And his horn makes a music merry,—
When the tempests of God snatch hunter
and pack

And up to the welkin carry.

And ever unshriven along the sky,

At midnight, with wild hallooing
And baying of hounds, King Arthur
storms by,
A phantom stag pursuing.

And when on a wild and furious night

The children are tucked under cover,
They murmur a prayer, twixt pity and
fright,

For the poor king flying over.

FAREWELL TO A MODEST SCHOLAR

(ARTHUR GRAVES CANFIELD)

WITHOUT ado, as he has done
His work among us, he 'll be
gone.

The rulers will not realize
That they have lost a priceless prize.
Serenely they will meet the case
And talk of filling Canfield's place;
Who know him, know such hope is vain;
Wise, patient, clear, judicious, fair,
The artist temper, fine and rare—
We shall not see his like again.

He had not learned to sound the trump
Of his own merits, nor could pump
Praise from his students, *quid pro quo*;
He did not keep a press bureau.
He never slapped the powers that be
In jovial jest upon the knee.
He minded his own business, which
He understood to be—to teach;

Impartially to gem and clod
He taught as in the fear of God.

He taught as in the fear of God;
The toilsome, patient way he trod,
Knowing that what is built to stay
Is never builded in a day;
That conscience in the teacher's ways
More teaches than her loudest praise
From such as follow wandering lights
Of gain, world's plaudits, rank, and
 spites;
That scholarship and character
Worth more than show and trappings
 are.

He had no cabinets to show
Of Nature's wonders set a-row,
The output of his annual pains,
He merely worked in human brains;
Dealt in the deathless thoughts of men—
His tool the inconspicuous pen.
His has the thankless office been
To represent the things unseen.
Without ado, as he has done
His work among us, he 'll be gone.

MY MUSE

N O coy Greek to lure and tease me,—
All her thought intent to please
me,

On a stool my chair beside,
Saxon-haired and Scottish-eyed,
Sits my muse, a sprite substantial.

I am forced to do no wooing;
Half the time I hear her cooing,
Hear her patter on the floor,
Or her tapping at my door,—
Keep her out? What mortal man shall?

She has pinky arms and bosom—
It would break my heart to lose 'em;
And her stature 's not divine—
Somewhere about three feet nine;
Reynolds never would have missed her.

She 's her will of me for wishing,
And to-day she goes a-fishing
 With a mahlstick for a pole,
 For her line a shoestring whole,—
What brook-dweller could resist her?

I cannot; my rhymes confusing,
She has caught, this maid amusing,
 Her papa, without a hook,
 Pulled him clean out of his book,
And a foolish fish I flounder.

THE PLACE TO BE BORN

I MET last night a wand'ring sprite,
Flying the wide world over,
Prepared for birth on God's dear earth,
A body-seeking rover.

"God greet thee, man," the sprite began,
"Right glad I am to meet thee;
To-morrow morn I 'm to be born;
Thy counsel, I entreat thee."

"Asia I scanned and Europe-land—
Scenes I should be forlorn in;
Thou 'st travelled wide; help me decide
The best place to be born in."

"Dear sprite," I said, "I praise thy
head;
Far more than rich bonanzas
Thy birthplace worth; thou 'lt find on
earth
No better place than Kansas."

FLOWER AND SONG

I

I DUG a little flower
From out the forest-shade,
And set it in my garden
Where light and sunshine played.

I went to watch it daily,
I tended it with care,
And said, "With this no other
Shall ever dare compare."

And yet it slowly withered
Beneath the cheerful sun,
And died there in my garden
Before a week was done.

II

I took a little fancy
From out my tangled brain,
And set it to the music
Of an old-time, sweet refrain.

III

I decked it out in figures,
I nursed it with fine words,
And said, "My little songlet
Shall be sung by all the birds."

Its spirit waned and vanished
Beneath its wordy weight,
And it died with all its music
And met the flower's fate.

A MIRACLE

DOWN through the dusty streets
I go:

The prosy brick fronts stand arow;
Electric wires besieve the sky,
Electric cars go clanging by;
The July sun malignant glares
Upon the huckster's drooping wares;
The sparrows in the gutter flirt
Ditch-water on my lady's skirt;
Two miles of this to Boston town,—
Enough to cast one's spirits down!
Then suddenly a breath of air,
Unheralded, from who knows where,
Brings to my sense an odor faint,
Unrecognized yet eloquent,
And, whiff! the dulsome street is gone—
Before me towers the Pantheon!
Behind that mighty portico
Lurk the great gods of long ago;
About me flit the imperious shades
Of those who built these colonnades:

Agrippa, he who talked with Paul,
Trajan, Septimius and all
The older and the newer lords
Who bound the Seven Hills with cords.
Time is wiped out, and once again
I mingle with Italian men,
While on me, scarce a league from home,
Falls the immortal spell of Rome.

EVERY SPRING IS GREENER

I WAS walking with the senator to
catch the early train,—

The senator with stocks and bonds
galore,—

And for fit commercial phrases I was
cudgelling my brain,

When quite unexpectedly

Said the senator to me:

“Somehow this spring seems greener
than any spring before.”

“I see no especial reason, and it was
not always so,

But I’ve noticed it a dozen years or
more;

And I wonder whether others, when the
green begins to grow

Bright enough to catch the eye,

Feel about it as do I:

That each new spring is greener than
any spring before.”

The senator is hearty, but his crown is
growing gray,—

His years are fifty-three or fifty-four,—
And this may not be the reason, but I
rather think it may,—

For the contrast with the snow
On his head perhaps may show
Why the green each spring seems greener
than any spring before.

Youth, they say, is hope's own season,
but they know not what they
mean;

Youth's a butterfly that wings the
garden o'er,
Seeking gaudy flowers that perish, while
in age that glides serene
Down life's final snowy slope
Stronger grows immortal hope
And every spring is greener than any
spring before.

THE GOSPEL OF HATE

"We are unanimous in our hatred of England."—*From a late interview with a late statesman.*

HATE England? Hate our kith and
kin

That speak our common mother-
tongue,

The speech that Hampden thundered in,
The tones that Burns and Milton
sung?

Hate England? Hate our ancient home,
Whose every acre knows a story,
From Caithness' crags to Cornwall's foam,
Of Keltic pluck and Saxon glory?

But who is this that preaches hate?

I think we know the accent well,—
The fallen archangel of our State,
The scoffing civic infidel,

Who built a great renown of spite,
Who called the Christian statesman
fool,
Who based his law of right on might
And cast away the Golden Rule.

So, while the bells of Christendom
Tell earthly homes and empyrean
That Christ, the Prince of Peace, is come,
The lowly, loving Galilean,

A new messiah clears his throat
Bad tidings of great woe to tell,
And utters with discordant note
The gospel of the reign of hell.

And thoughtless followers mid the murk
Of war revise the angels' strain:
Peace e'en to the unspeakable Turk,
Good will to all but Englishmen!

Hate lust for land, and hate no less
The greed that seeks its gain in gore;
Stand firm as England taught us, yes,
Against aggression evermore.

Hate bullying? Aye. Hate greed? Amen.

Hate tyranny and wrong? Forever—
In Briton or American;

But hate all England? Shame! No,
never!

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

WHILE Christmas comes around
but once a year
With Christmas revelry and Christmas
cheer,
Life starts anew with each new morning
ray
And every day, thank God, is New
Year's Day.

OLD YEAR AND NEW

THE Old Year has done what it could
for me;

All of it that was good for me

Has now become a part of me.

Whatever the New may bring to me,

May only the good of it cling to me

And enter into the heart of me.

TO-MORROW

(Free after a Spanish song)

BLEST of love but yesterday,
Lorn of love to-day I sorrow;
Though to-morrow I should die,
Yet to-day and eke to-morrow
Would I dream of yesterday.

LIFE

(From the Italian of Metastasio)

THE Past is not, but memory
 With vivid brush recalls it;
The Future is not, but fond hope
 With eager breath forestalls it.
The Present only is—a flash—
It passes ere the thunder's crash.
Such, then, is life and all that 's in it:
A hope, a memory, and a minute.

HYMN

FOR THE DEDICATION OF A LAW SCHOOL

(University of Kansas)

OF old upon the mountain height,
Subdued by deep and solemn awe,
His face aglow with unknown light,
The Hebrew seer received the law.

No maze of precedent confused
The feet that first on Sinai trod;
The primal code of Israel used
The plain and simple will of God.

May those who gather at this shrine,
Both those who teach and those who
learn,
As to a presence all divine
Bring hearts that for God's service
burn.

Here, as of old upon the mount,
The law to men shall be revealed,
And here at learning's christening font
Her chosen Levites shall be sealed.

Grant in this later day, O Lord,
That right and law may blend in one,
And justice show a flaming sword
To every wrong beneath the sun.

LIFE AT K. S. U.

(Air: *'S gibt kein schöner Leben*)

NEITHER prince nor peasant leads
a life so pleasant

As the student's life at K. S. U.

Fair Mount Oread daily he ascendeth
gaily

And descends again when day is
through;

By his side a maiden with whose books
he's laden

And perhaps a vagrant thought or two;
Who can see and wonder that he's loth
to sunder

His associations with K. U.

Or, since tastes will vary and the maids
be chary,

Some with bulldogs have to be con-
tent;

Not on sweets and flowers, all their coin
and powers

Now on pipes and puppycakes are
spent.

And, *mirabile dictu!* there are some who
stick to

Study, when they 've nothing else to
do;

Who can see and wonder that they're
loth to sunder

Their associations with K. U.

Earth's no vision rarer, not a landscape
fairer

Then each day before our eyes ex-
pands;

Kansas skies are bluer, Kansas hearts
are truer

Than the hearts and skies of other
lands.

Then whate'er the weather, let us sing
together:

Rock Chalk for the Crimson and the
Blue;

Neither prince nor peasant leads a life
so pleasant

As the student's life at K. S. U.

TRINK AUF MEIN WOHL MIT
AUGEN NUR

(Aus dem Englischen von Ben Jonson)

TRINK auf mein Wohl mit Augen
nur,

So trink' ich auch auf deins,
Oder im Becher lass 'nen Kuss,
So wünscht' ich nie des Weins.
Den Durst, der von der Seele steigt,
Nur Himmelsnektar stillt,
Den deinen tauscht' ich aber nicht
Um den, der Göttern quillt.

Dir schickt' ich jüngst 'nen Rosenkranz,
Dir nicht so wohl zur Ehr',
Als in der Hoffnung, dass bei Dir
Er unverwelket wär';
Du hauchtest nur die Rosen an
Und sandst sie wieder mir,
Da blühen und duften sie, fürwahr,
Nach Rosen nicht, nach Dir.

OFT IN DER STILLEN NACHT

(Aus dem Englischen von Thomas Moore)

OFT in der stillen Nacht,
Eh mich der Schlaf befangen,
Sanft mir's im Herzen tagt
Von Zeiten, die vergangen;
Die Freud', das Leid der Kinderzeit,
Die holden Wort' gesprochen,
Die Augen lieb, versunken trüb,
'Treu' Herzen nun gebrochen;
So senkt die stille Nacht,
Eh mich der Schlaf befangen,
Sanft um mich her das Licht
Der Zeiten, die vergangen.

Denk' ich der Freunde all'
Also verknüpft, wie Blätter
Zerstreuet nach dem Fall
Des Laubs im Winterwetter,
Mir ist, wie dem, der einsam käm'
Zum Saale nach dem Schmause,
Die Fackeln fort, die Kränz' verdorrt,
Die Gäste längst nach Hause;
So senkt die stille Nacht,
Eh mich der Schlaf befangen,
Sanft um mich her das Licht
Der Zeiten, die vergangen.

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